



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

# THE CRAYON.

Volume VIII.

MAY.

Part V.

J. DURAND, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PUBLICATION OFFICE, 55 WALKER STREET.

## THE CHORUS IN THE CEdIPUS TYRANNUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK

BY HORATIO HUBBELL.

Ω Διος αδυπηρς Φάτι, τις ποτέ  
Τας πολυχρυσς πυθωνος  
Αγλαας εβας Θηβας.

STROPHE.

Golden Pytho! Thou! whose language falls  
Melodious 'mid the Delphic halls,  
Hail! to the citadel of Cadmus fly;  
Where, as Anguish breathes its moan,  
And is heard the sullen groan,  
The victims immolated die!  
Phœbus! thou renovating Deity! reveal  
Thy power, and heal!  
Will the rolling hours  
Bring hope? Speak! oh speak!  
As from thy bosom pours  
The balm, that consolation which the wretched seek.

ANTI-STROPHE.

Immortal Daughter of the Thunderer Jove!  
Pallas Athenæ! And thou! that roll'st above!  
Artemis! Thou who art enthroned,  
Beauty beaming from thy face,  
On the high altar of the Market Place!  
Have we aton'd?  
Come! wipe away the suppliant's tear,  
And hear! oh! hear!  
Ye, who quench'd the glowing heat,  
When erst the city felt the curse  
And on our heads its vengeance beat  
Shield us! in this sad reverse!  
And save us now—oh! quickly save!  
Else doomed to fill the gloomy grave.

CHORUS.

Come! for sorrows without number,  
On the wretched people fall!  
The pestilence is seizing all—  
Death will wrap in icy slumber  
Those for whom there is no shield.  
The very herbage in the field  
Is scath'd—the matron in her lab'ring throes  
Expires. Alas! we feel unutterable woes!  
Behold how one and then another,  
Like a bird with rapid flight,  
Like a fire that naught can smother,  
When its flame with lurid light  
Drives onward fiercely; Death pervades.  
All, all, are hurried to the Land of Shades!  
Woe upon the luckless race!  
Corpses numberless are strewn around,  
And o'er their last sad resting-place  
No dirge of sorrow breathes its sound!  
Yet around the altars creeping,

Here and there a mournful band,  
The virgin and the grey-lock'd matron weeping!  
Lamenting for their native land!  
Hark! the Pæans' startling tones  
Mingle with despairing groans!  
Daughter of Immortal Jove,  
Whose head the golden locks adorn,  
Aid! oh, aid us, from above—  
Let us feel thy healing love,  
Celestial born!  
Behold! how cruel Ares rages—  
Now without his brazen shield—  
And in his fiery anger wages  
Dire extermination. Let him yield!  
Let us see that he has fled—  
Let us feel his power no more!  
Drive him to Amphytrion's bed—  
To the wildest Thracian shore!  
Ah! if the dewy night alloys,  
And a soothing balm bestows,  
This the coming day destroys  
In the fever'd heat that glows.  
Oh! do thou, Immortal Jove!  
Thou, whose hands the light'nings wield,  
Hurl thy thunders from above—  
And drive the monster from the field!  
King of Lycia! bend thy golden bow—  
Let the unerring shaft be sped!  
Strew thy weapons here below,  
And stay th' accumulating dead!  
And Luna! shed thy mildest ray—  
As oft upon the Lycian mountains,  
Thy stealthy steps are wont to stray  
Around the streams or haunted fountains.  
Thou midnight rover!  
When through each glade  
Or Forest-shade  
Thou wanderest over!  
And last not least thou Conquerer Divine!  
Bacchus! god of rosy wine,  
Come radiant, as when of yore  
Thou led'st the Menades and bore  
The purple clusters—assume the victor once again,  
Assuage our pain,  
And this Deity malign—  
To a dark oblivion consign!

The great majority of mankind are content to be popular and accepted at as cheap a rate as possible: where this object is attained, as it frequently is, by a naturally animated manner, by the good nature that frequently attends upon perfect health, and a pleasant exterior, a man is easily contented to be superficial; while others are obliged to seek for a radiance which shall rather shine through them than flash like gold-leaf from their surface.—*Boyes.*